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Sayings Of Uncle Eben

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Sayings of Uncle Eben

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT IS DUE OF COURTESIES SHOWN IN CONNECTION WITH THIS VOLUME BY THE WASHINGTON EVENING STAR, IN WHOSE COLUMNS MUCH THAT IS PUBLISHED HERE ORIGINALLy APPEARED.

Life am mos'ly made up o' prayin' foh rain an' wishin' 'twould cl'ar off.

Doan lose sight er de future. De one dat grabs for de bigges' piece er watahmillion am liable ter git lef' out de nex' time invitations is issued.

Whut dey calls er pessimist am mos' allus er walkin' dununciation ob 'is wife's cooking.

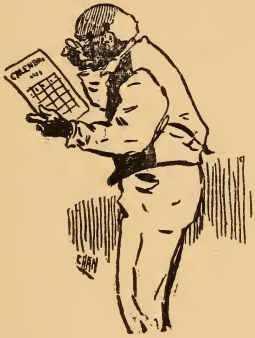
Some mighty good people does er lot o' preachin' whah dey might 'complish mo' by locatin' dah chicken-coop whah it wouldn' be so temptatious.

Hit am mos'ly when er man am whut folks call "his own wust enemy" dat he succeeds in lubbin' his enemy.

Some men kin whistle jes' 'nuff ter make dah neighbors mis'ble, an' not 'nuff ter stop er street kyah.

Time is money, but hit do beat all how much easier 'tis ter gib er needy frien' an hour's lecture on economy dan 'tis ter lend 'im fifty cents.

Hit am er mighty exceptional man dat kin confine hisse'f ter de calender on dishere Aprile fool bus'ness.



AN APRIL MOOD

DAH'S goin's on in April,
  When de tree tops 'gin ter sing
An' de sunbeams am a-laughin'
  While dey cuts de pigeon wing.

De forest am a-primpin'
  Whah de crick its mirror shows
'Case she's gwine ter jine de party
  An' she wants her fines' clothes.

Contentment am er good thing, but it hab its propah place. Yoh too often sees er man dat's contented ter lib on whut 'is wife kin earn.

Bein' good-natured makes er heap better citizen dan losing yoh tempah. But sometimes provocation comes erlong whah yoh gotter leggo aw be er hypocrit.

Dah ain' no doubt 'bout contentment bein' better'n riches. But mos' ebrybody now'days seems too p'lite ter want de bes' foh hisself.

Yoh'll take notis dat de man who talks big 'bout whut he hab done an' whut he's gwine ter do, am invarr'bly doin' nuffin' 'tall at dis partic'lar time.

De only t'ing dat some men nebber gits 'scouraged ober am tryin' ter lib wifout wu'kin'.

Some men allus acks oberworked foh de reason dat any business 'tall am mo' dan dey kin ten' to.

UNCLE EBEN

MUTUAL ENVY

Boy, he say, "I wisht I was
  Er man dat's done growed-up;
Mebbe, den, I'd drive er horse
  Er own er yaller pup,
I'd stay out late, an' I'd be free
  F'um lickin's when I's bad—
Oh golly, how I'd like ter be
  Er growed-up man like dad."

Man, he say, "I wisht I was
  Er little feller, now.
Dah wouldn' be much mo' time los'
  A-followin dishere plow.
Dah's no mo' goin' on de sly
  Ter hunt er fish er swim.
Oh golly, how I wish dat I
  Wus Pickaninny Jim."

De young folks doan git 'nuff 'tention. W'en er boy has de stumach-ache, he jes' gits laughed at. But w'en er man gits it, he wants ter be treated like he gwinter die, sho'.

Er fahther hab er hahd argyment befoh him w'en he bets on hoss-races an' scol's his boy foh playin' mahbles foh keeps.

Da am only one kin' ob boy li'ble ter tu'n out wuss dand e boy dat doan git licked, an' dat's de one dat gits licked too much,

Doan' staht in ter sow no wil' oats. Yoh's li'ble ter put in yoh whole life hahvestin' de crap.

Dar am some parents dat hab a keerless way o' 'casionally makin' er boy feel like he wus gettin' whipped foh not lyin' 'bout whut he done.

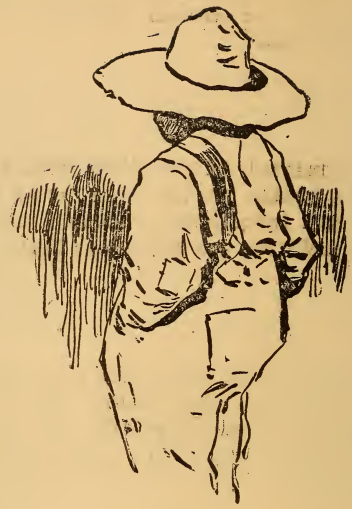
Hit am er good t'ing ter take de cigarettes away f'um de boy. But some er de mo'al erfeck am boun' ter be los' ef yoh tu'ns in an' smokes 'em yohse'f.

Somehow er boy gits ter be mos' ez angelic jes' befoh Christmas ez he gits prezackly de opposite way 'long 'bout de Fourf' ob July.

When er man ain' got nuffin' ter do hisse'f he seems ter fink dat it's in his power ter declare er national holiday fer his 'quaintances.

De individjle dat kin tell foh shoh ebry time, whedder he's jes' tiahed out aw jes' indolent hab qualities dat nacherly fit him foh nuffin' less dan de Supreme Bench.

Yoh wants ter look out foh some er dese ol' proverbs. Dat remahk 'bout not crossin' de bridge tell yoh gits ter it hab kep' many er man on de do-nuffin' side o' de stream.



Sonny, 'taint nuffin' ter yer discredit dat yoh doan know ez much ez yoh 'magines. Ef yoh did, yoh'd probably scoot erlong so fas' in dishere wurl' dat yoh'd git persassinated like Julius Caesar.

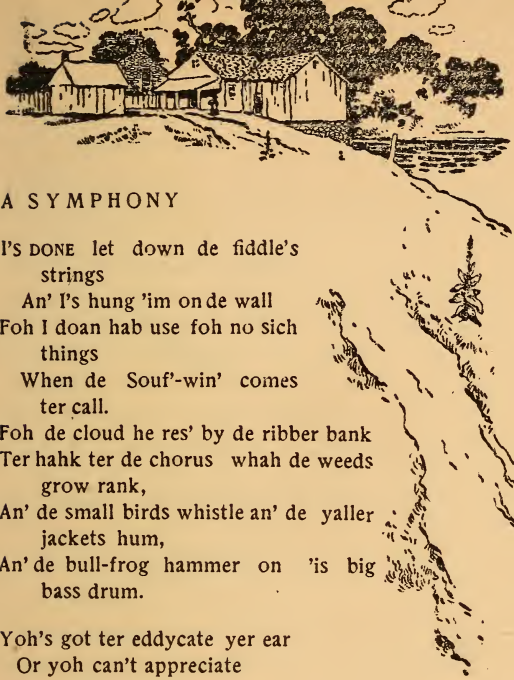
When er man talks 'bout whut er good fren' ob yourn he am, listen ter him but doan' trade hosses wif him.

De wu'kman dat tu'ns out er po' job am better dan de man dat doan' do nuffin' but look on an' make remahks.

Some men would stahtle de worl' ef dey wus ez industrious wu'kin' ez dey is in makin' 'scuses.

Lots er men woldn' hate wu'k nigh so much ef dey'd only take de trouble ter git 'quainted wif it.

Idleness meks er man talkative. Seems like it's onpossible ter do nuffin' an' say nuffin' simultuously.



A SYMPHONY

I'S DONE let down de fiddle's
strings
An' I's hung 'im on de wall
Foh I doan hab use foh no sich
things
When de Souf'-win' comes
ter call.
Foh de cloud he res' by de ribber bank
Ter hahk ter de chorus whah de weeds
grow rank,
An' de small birds whistle an' de yaller
jackets hum,
An' de bull-frog hammer on 'is big
bass drum.

Yoh's got ter eddycate yer ear
Or yoh can't appreciate
De compositions dat yoh hear
When er wahm day's growin' late;
But when yoh's in de frame ob mind
Yoh want's no better dan what yoh find
When de small birds whistle an' de yaller jackets hum
An' de bull-frog hammer on 'is big bass drum.

LUXURY

Ef I should lose mer laziness I sho'ly hates ter think
Ob de comfort an' enj'yment dat I'd miss.
Dah ain' so many years
In dis life ob joy and tears
An' we might es well jes' make de mos' ob dis.
When I sees de people frettin' tell dey reach de grave-yahd's brink
A-fussin' an' a-fallin' in dah haste,
Mer lucky stahs I bless
Dat I's got dis laziness
An' I ain't a gwinter let none go ter waste.

Ef I should lose mer laziness de sun would shine in vain,
On de ol' po'ch whur de honeysuckles climb,
An' de gret big rockin' cha'h
Would be standin' idle dah,
While I squandered recklessly mer loafin'-time.
So I grabs mer opportunity—it may not come again
An' I lets de hours pass on, a-driftin' free;
An' de sunbeams come an' play
An' de perfumed breezes stray
To keep comp'ny wif mer laziness an' me.

A SIMILE

Er man am mighty like er bee;
  It's all dependin', sonny,
On how yoh treats 'im which yoh gits—
  De stinger aw de honey.

Dishere little busy bee reminds me ob er whole lot ob people. Dey gits mad an' stings er man 'bout little er nuffin' an' lays right down an' lets de hull hive git robbed when de critical 'casion comes.

Doan put in yoh time perducin' advice. De mahket foh it am mighty po'. Ef er man teks it fer nuffin' he am li'ble ter ack like he done yer a favor.

De man dat am de mos' skyart foh fear folks am gwine ter miss sumpin' whut he says ginerally libs ter be sorry he let 'em hyah a good deal ob it.

Yoh's gotter git right down an' hustle foh re'l success. Er young man's gwinter spile 'is silk hat ef he keeps hit on while he's tryin' ter put on de wreath er laurel.

Er gret big weddin' am er mighty fine t'ing. But it ain' necessarily gwinter mek home happy.

When yoh hyah er young man sayin' he's nebber gwine ter git married, jes' look 'round an' notice ef dar ain' some special young woman dat he's tryin' ter git interested in de statement.

Some gals makes dah bigges' mistakes by 'maginin' dat de kin' er language er young man puts inter 'is valentines an' love-letters is 'is nach'l ebry-day talk.

'Casionally er young man seems er heap mo' willin' ter spen' money on valentines foh er young lady dan he is ter settle de grocery bill after he's done married her.

De young lady dat's gwinter marry er young man ter refohm 'im, orter hab her 'tention called to de fack dat two people—de young man's father an' mother, hab put in years at de job she gwinter tackle, wifout success.

Cupid nebber wus so blin' dat hit tuk 'im mo' dan two seconds ter see frough de anonymousness ob er valentine.

Er gal is li'ble ter 'magine er man is gwine ter mek er good husband simply 'case he's read de same novels dat she has.

CONTRAST

LAUGH er bit an' sing er chune
Whils' tryin' ter remember;
Yoh mightn't 'preciate de June
Ef 'twarn't foh December.

Embellishment am right 'nough in its way. But 'taint de curlycues on de check dat saterfy de gemman at de bank.

Some folks am so skyaht o' doin' dah wu'k on'y half way dat dey draps it right at de beginnin'.

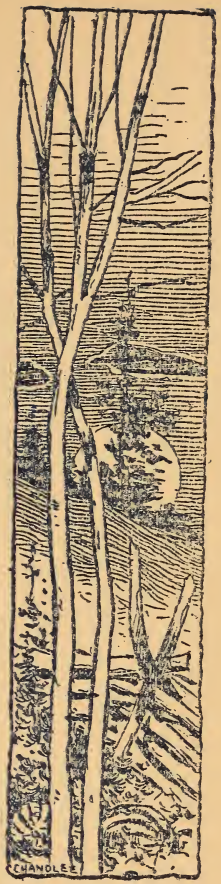
Some dogs is like human fo'ks. Jes' ez soon ez yoh gib 'em 'nuff ter eat, dey 'gins ter git sassy.

Er good deal depen's on not misdirectin' yoh inergies. Er awgan-grinder ain' gwine ter mek much headway playin' in front ob er deaf an' dumb asylum.

A SUNSET DITTY

MOON, she come a-swingin' low;
    How-de do, mer lady.
Time foh Mr. Sun ter go.
    Meet you by an' by.
Clouds am curlin' in de West,
An' de rain-bows build dah nest
Jes' above de mountain's crest—
    Ain't no cause ter sigh.

Missie Moon, she smile so sweet,
    (How-de do, mer lady.)
Daylight jes' gib in complete.
    Meet you by an' by.
Watch dem colors cross de scene:
See dat pink an' white an' green?
Watah-millions, what dey mean.
    Ain't no cause ter sigh.



Hit am er fack dat er little learnin' am er danj'ous t'ing. But doan fohgit dat de littler 'tis, de mo' danj'ouser 'tis.

Plain fo'ks is de kin' dat kin oftenes' be depended on. De singin' ob de canary am sweet, but de cackle o' de hen means business.

Doan hide yoh light under a bushel. But even if yoh does, de light'll shine out frough de chinks, ef its good an strong.

Ef dah wus er sho'-nuff Fool-killer, some er de fo'ks dat does de mos' hollerin' foh 'im now 'ud be de fus' ter git in hidin' ef he come roun'.

PENALTY

It's sufferin' makes de usefulness
Whichebber way you look;
De fishin' worm's no good ontel
He's strugglin' on de hook.

Doan model yoh life aftuh de toboggon. De fun o' back-slidin' doan pay foh de hahd journey up de hill o' repentence,

Sometimes, when yoh does er favor foh er man, he jes' acks like yoh orter be thankful foh de chance he give yer ter show off,

When er frien' axes yer foh advice, de bes' t'ing ter do is ter try an' guess his 'pinion an' tell it ter 'im.

Rise in de worl' all yoh kin, but doan sacrifice yoh reppytation. Hit may come in handy foh er parachute.

Tryin' ter reg'late de 'fahrs er de country by vi'lence am mos' allus like burnin' off yoh finger ter cure er 'skeeter-bite.

Er puhfessional refohmer ginerally stahts in by tacklin' de hull universe. He wu'ks roun' ter 'is own short-comings by ve'y slow degrees.

Hit am allus pathetic ter hyah er man's wife tryin' ter git comfort out'n de fack dat wuss men dan him hez got office.

One vindication am er good t'ing. But hit am er bad idea foh er public servant ter git in de habit o' takin' 'em reg'lar.

'Tain' allus de citizen dat shoots off de mos' fiah crackahs on de Fourf' er July dat 'ud be in de bigges' hurry ter enlis' ef wah was ter break out.

THE HUSBANDMEN

We's waited fur it patient, an' it's comin' roun' ergin,
De season when de air is crisp an' clear;
When de cider's in de barrel an' de co'n is in de bin
An' de summer's aggerwations disappear.
But dis hahves' ain' de only t'ing we's got ter lose er win;
Hit ain' no time ter quit an' take er nap.
We is hopin' an' debatin'
An' a-wishin' an' a-waitin'
Tell de ballot's ripe an' ready foh ter drop.

De hands has done wu'ked up de soil wif diligence
an' speed,
Wif overseers ez knows whut dey's erbout;
Hit's rich wif common sense an' dem ez sows de
proper seed
Kin res' assured dat hit's a-gwineter sprout,
We'll nuss de plant dat nourishes an' tear away de
weed
An' look ter see a big an' wholesome crap;
We's a-sighin' an' a-yearnin'
An' a-strivin' an' a-learnin'
Tell de ballot's ripe an' ready foh ter drap.

De way ter be er sho'-'nuff patriot am ter try foh less hurrahin' an' mo' thinkin'; less torch-light kerosene an' mo' midnight ile.

De trouble 'bout de man dat t'inks he knows it all am dat he wants ter stop all de folks he meets an' tell ebry bit ob it.

Talk is allus cheap. An' de cheaper an' commoner talk gits ter be, de mo' de price er meat an' vegetables goes up.

Many a man hab foun' dat de pinnacle ob fame am intiahly too p'inted ter sit down on wif comfort.

Ef women am ez contrary ez some folks 'clah dey is, de bes' way ter git em outer wantin' suffrage, am ter tell 'em dey got ter vote.

Ef some men paid ez much 'tention ter bein' Congressmen ez dey did ter bein' canerdates, dar'd be moh statesmen in dishere country.

De canerdate dat gits defeated am hahd ter convince dat dis worl' am pergressin'.

De difficulty 'bout bein er statesman out'n a job am de trouble yoh's li'ble ter 'sperience gittin' er recomend f'um yoh las' place.

Sometimes de big words git de mos' applause but dey doan mek nigh so many people change dah min's.

Er man am intitled ter his own opinions. Hit am only when he tries ter mek somebody er present ob 'em dat he gits dis-'gree'ble.

Ez soon ez er man begins ter t'ink de worl' kain't git erlong wifout him, he meks it unpossible foh anybody ter git erlong wif him.

Some men seems ter fink dat talkin' at de top er yoh voice kin take de place ob speakin' f'um de bottom ob yoh h'aht.

Dah's too much time wasted in tryin' ter 'lect er Congress dat'll legislate de mawgidges off' de fahms.

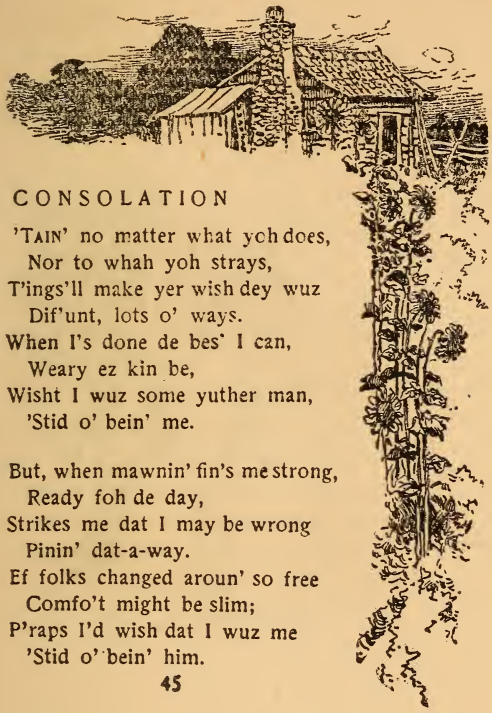
Hit am mahvellous how much easier some men fin's hit ter pay off de national debt dan ter settle de grocery bill.

Cuhcumstances alter cases. De man dat likes ter hyah hisse'f holler in er ahgyment doan 'pear ter git no satisfaction 'tall f'um 'is voice, drivin' cows.

Some men hab er way ob makin' yer t'ink dat yoh lacks in comprehension when de real fack is dat dey is concealin' dah own ign'unce.

Sayin' de right t'ing at de right time am er great gif'. But not sayin' anyt'ing at de right time am mos' ez good an' er heap mo' relible.

'Tain't de noisy man dat do de mos' bus'ness. De torpedo boat swims under watah an' doan do no splashin' whutsomever.



CONSOLATION

'TAIN' no matter what yoh does,
  Nor to whah yoh strays,
T'ings'll make yer wish dey wuz
  Dif'unt, lots o' ways.
When I's done de bes' I can,
  Weary ez kin be,
Wisht I wuz some yuther man,
  'Stid o' bein' me.

But, when mawnin' fin's me strong,
  Ready foh de day,
Strikes me dat I may be wrong
  Pinin' dat-a-way.
Ef folks changed aroun' so free
  Comfo't might be slim;
P'raps I'd wish dat I wuz me
  'Stid o' bein' him.

Er man dat comes ter Washington lookin' foh trouble am li'ble ter git 'is wish er heap quicker dan de man dat comes lookin' foh office.

Ebry t'ing am all right in its place. Er sha'p razzer meks er good barber one minute, an' a bad man de nex'.

Ef a p'liceman could keep 'is eye on er bad citizen ez industrious ez er bad citizen kin keep 'is eye on a p'liceman, dah wouldn' be nigh so much goin's on.

Big words an' fine clothes is bery frequent alike in not kibberin' much dat re'ly counts.

De woman dat jumps in an' tries ter boss de human race ain' er bit mo' 'zasperatin' dan de man dat prides hisse'f on bein' purty ter look at.

I ain' goin' in so ter'ble strong foh dese new women idee's but I kain symp'fise wif a lot of able-bodied citizens dat seems ter think er woman musn't do er man's work, onless she's done married de man.

MAGNIFICENCE

I

I's read it in de paper an' I's hyuhd it in de hall
'Bout de goin's-on a-crownin' king or Czar;
When de flashin' o' de di'mon's an' de splendor ob it all
Beats de fines' circuses dat ebber wur.
But, goodness, gracious, chile,
I doesn' ask foh style;
Ter see sech fuss an' fixin's I would scarcely walk er mile.
I's sho' dar isn' anyt'ing so gohgeous, anywhere,
As ter see Miss Summer comin' wif de roses in her hair.

II

Dey say dat sech occasions am de grandes'
t'ings yoh'll fin'
When er ruler an' 'is people makes
er pledge;
But I finds er sign o' promise mo' impres-
sive ter my mind
In de simple wreath o' blossoms on de
hedge
Perhaps it's 'case I's old
An' mer magination's cold;
But mer haht keeps on a-whisperin',
in spite ob what I's told,
Dat nuffin' in dis gret big earf could be
mo' richly fair
Dan ter see Miss Summer comin wif' de
roses in hair.

Some men gits de reppitation ob bein' great leaders, when, ez a matter er fack, dey is jes' bein' shoved foward f'um behin'.

Dah's many er big man dat nebber would of climbed ter success ef his wif' hadn' stood by sometimes ter stiddy de ladder.

De labor some er deshere politicians puts inter schemes ter git somefin' foh nuffin' remin' me o' de pussun dat put in all 'is spare time foh six months makin' er counterfeit one-dollar bill dat wouldn' pass when he got it done.

Er politician soon discovers dat hit's hahd ter set de people mahchin' his way by drummin' on er empty bar'l.

De no'f pole ain' much hahder foh de white gemmen to reach dan de 'lection poll wus foh me once ponner time.

Dishonesty kyahs its own punisment. Hit am de fattenin' puhsimmons he done stole dat leads ter de 'possum's gittin' cooked foh dinner.

Yoh kain't leave no footprints in de san's o' time ef yoh goes frough life wif yoh kyapet slippahs on. Yoh's got ter tramp roun' in hob-nailed shoes.

Nature doan nebber bestow all her gif's on one indivijjle. De lightnin' bug ain' got no stinger an' de skeeter ain' got no lamp.

Yoh kin tell er good deal 'bout er man's early hahdships er luxuries, by noticin' wheddah he calls daisies, "wil' flowers" er "weeds."

I doesn't wanter 'scourage nobody but true repentance consists in not doin' it over agin.

Doan' talk about yoh neighbors. Yoh services am s'perfl'ous. Dey'll ten' to it foh one annuddah an' foh yoh, too.

Some men gits sudd'nitly neah-sighted when dey stahts out ter look foh wu'k.

Too much se'f-esteem kain't he'p bein' comical. Er man is boun' ter 'pear ridic'-lous ef he tries ter pat hisse'f on de back.

Ef yoh ahgifies wif er smaht pusson yoh done git de wust ob it, and if yoh ahgifies wif er fool yoh done was'e yoh time.

ANTICIPATION

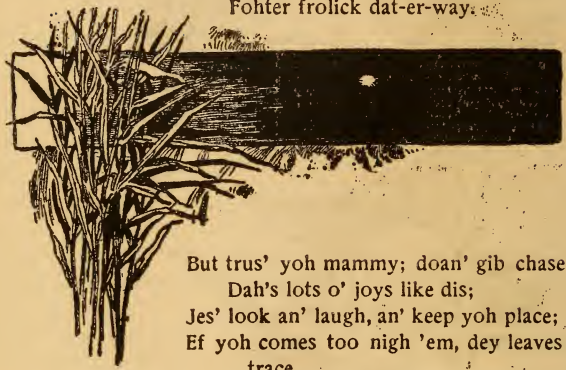
In July you feels de simmer
  Ob de sun dat makes it sweet,
Hurryin' roun'!—de dewdrops glimmer
  Foh ter mek de fruit complete.
Summer's young; yit hyah's de feelin'
  Dat de fruit will turn out prime,
An' de dreams come sof'ly stealin'—
  Dreams ob watermillyun time.

Trickle, trickle! How dem juices
  Wash de worry all away!
Mek yoh wonder what de use is
  Ob dis wu'kin, day by day!
Green an' white an' pink a-j'inin'—
  Hit's a picture mos' sublime.,
Show yoh teef an' quit repinin'—
  Dream ob watermillyun time.

UNCLE EBEN

WILL O' THE WISP

Willer-de-wis, he shine so bright,
An' seem ter dance so gay
Yoh wants ter keep 'im still in sight
An' wishes yoh had 'im day an' night
Fohter frolick dat-er-way.



But trus' yoh mammy; doan' gib chase,
Dah's lots o' joys like dis;
Jes' look an' laugh, an' keep yoh place;
Ef yoh comes too nigh 'em, dey leaves no trace.
Dey's gone, like willer-de-wis.

It doan' do ter put too much confidence in de fack dat er man looks good-natured. Er hongry alligator hab de broades' grin in de animal kingdom.

Whut sometimes passes foh patience am jes' de grit ter bear pain wifout lettin' on.

Hit beat all how people does take t'ings to deyse'fs. I hones'ly 'specks dat ef de moon wus ter drap, thousand's o' men 'ud git mad an' try ter whup somebody foh trowin' it at 'em.

De wise man tells less dan he knows; de fool tells all dat he knows, and de liar tells mo' dan he knows.

De fac' dat some men gits erlong by jes' pertendin' ter be wise shows whut er good t'ing sho-'nuff wisdom mus' be.

I doan' say ez how dar ain' any sech t'ing ez ghos'es. But I does notice dat de mo' tramps dar is, de mo' ha'nted houses yoh hyahs 'bout.

'Bout de wus kin' o' bad luck in de worl' am gittin' ter b'lieve dat dah is any sech t'ing.

Mebbe you've noticed dat mos' o' deshere Jonahs is idle and mos' o' de mascots keeps deirse'fs busy.

Doan' you be skyaht ter battle wif sin, but hol' on ter de ch'ice ob weapons. Many a young man am hus'lin' foh his rent money 'case he stahted in ter punish dese race track folks.

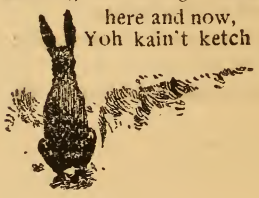
UPS AND DOWNS

I

Doan' gib up to worriment when luck
doan' come yoh way,
When all yoh tryin' seems to be in vain,
Doan' yoh keep a t'inking 'bout de shad-
ders ob terday,
'Case termorow it'll mebbe shine again.
Yoh gits de bitter wif de sweet, de sorrer
wif de joy,
In dis er any udder sort o' clime,
Yoh gotter take dis ole worl' as she comes;
you hyah me, boy!
Yoh kain' ketch sebben-lebben all de
time.

II

Yoh has ter keep a tryin' hah'd, becase—
yoh orter know—
De happy turn ob fortune nebber came
Ter dem dat ain't got courage foh ter take
de bones an' frow.
But jes' stan's roun' a-lookin at de game.
Dis spoht 's er mighly ruinatin' t'ing, I mus'
allow,
But serbes to p'int a moral fur de rhyme;
Yoh might ez well git uster disapp'intment
here and now,
Yoh kain't ketch sebben-lebben
all de time.



Life am er good deal like er game o' kyahds; but dah ain' no booby prize foh de men dat gits lef'.

Hit am er painful fack dat good luck kin be sp'iled er heap easier dan bad luck kin be repaired.

Lots er times de man dat keep talkin' 'bout waitin' 'tell his ship comes in, ain' nebber had 'nough hustle in 'im ter sen' no ship out.

Yoh kain't lib wifout learnin' ez you go 'long, but de way yoh gits yer edjycation meks er heap er diff'unce. No good comes er teachin' er boy 'rifmetic f'um er policy slip.

SONGSTERS

I

AIN' got time ter foller ter de playin' o' de band;
I's spectin' ob a finer chune to soun'
Fur it's mighty welcome music dat comes echoin' fro' de land
When de 'simmon is a drappin' tow'ds de groun'
So, good-bye. banjo,
An' good-bye, fiddle, too;
Foh I smells de pone a-bakin' an' I hyah's de 'possum stew,
An' I hasn't got no notion foh a-doin' any-t'ing
'Sides a-wishin' an' a-waitin' foh de katy-dids ter sing.

II

It's sweet ter hyah de mockin'-bird rejoicin'
in de hedge;
It's fine ter hab de robin come an' call,
And stay jes' long enough ter greet yoh,
f'um de window ledge—
But we ain't a-gwineter miss 'em in de
fall,
Fur it's good-bye, banjo,
An' it's good-bye, fiddle, too;
When de trees is tuhnin' yaller an' de
mountain-mist is blue.
I's sot mer h'aht on pleasures dat de
frosty days will bring;
I's a-wishin' an' a-waitin' foh de katy-dids
ter sing.

Some white people seems ter regyahd dehse'ves ez bein' so much better'n de res' o' de worl' dat dey doan' hab to show no superiority in dar actions.

Ef dah warn' some charity foh human defecks, dah couldn' be so much se'f-esteem.

De man dat loves de soun' er his own voice hez mos' allus got po' tas'e.

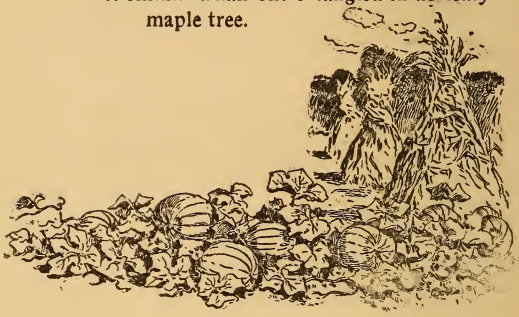
Ef yoh wanter flatter er man's vanity good, tell 'im he ain' got none.

MISS RAINBOW

MISS RAINBOW was a-primpin' an' a-smilin'
in de sky,
An' a-flirtin' wif de sun-beam ez he went
a-prancin' by.
An' ez all de people knows,
She hab got sech goh'geous clo'se
Dat de folks jes' stop dah wu'k ter watch
her eb'rywhah she goes.

But pride mos' allus hab er fall. 'Twus
bery safe to say,
Miss Rainbow gwineter suffer foh a-flounc-
in' dat-a-way.
An' she held huh haid so high
Dat it wa'n't no use ter try
Ter make her see de branches dat she
come a-trailin' nigh.

An' when de summer days is past an' she's
done had her play,
Mos' eb'ry yeah it happens, when yoh
chance ter walk dat way
Dat Miss Rainbow you will see,
Jes' ez meek ez she kin be,
A-shinin' whah she's tangled in de leafy
maple tree.



Sometimes de houses dat has de bigges' fam'lies an' de littles' tuhkey seems ter hab de mos' gennywine Thanksgibbin' in 'em.

'Pinions hez allus gotter be considered f'um de stan'p'int o' de pusson dat 'spresses 'em. Yoh kain't 'speck de tuhkey ter hab er strong admiration foh er November bill o' f'ah.

Some natures is ez puckery ez er puhsimmon. An' often de fros' ob adversity brings out an amount o' sweetness dat am amazin'.

Many er young gemman hez been recitin' "Beautiful Snow," when he orter been shovelin' it.

INVITATION

Some people seems ter 'magine dat de onlyes' time ter sing
Is when de early sunshine comes ter coax de buds in spring.
An' dey sets deirse'fs to carol jes' ez hahd ez dey knows how
A-follerin' de fashion ob de bird upon de bough.
But dar isn' any limit ter yearf's bounty an its cheer.
Dar is songs foh eb'ry season an' a smile foh all de year.
So raise yoh music, honey; let us hab it sweet and strong,
A-j'inin' in de choruses whatebber comes erlong.

Yoh isn' 'bliged to go an' take no lessons
ter come in,
Even ol' Miss Owl is welcome when she
does de bes' she kin.
De tree-toad keeps a-chirpin' in a way yoh
mus' admire,
An' de katy-did, she cut er leadin' figger in
de choir.
De zephyr keeps a-hummin' an' a-chunin'
up de trees
Tell yoh hyahs de band a-playin' eb'ry
time dah comes er breeze.
So don't be back'ard, chillen, but keep
time wif dishere throng.
A-j'inin' in de choruses, whatebber comes
erlong.

IDLENESS

I SEED er feller sittin' an er blinkin' at de sky;
He didn' go ter sleep; 'twus too much wu'k ter shet
he eye.
He brace he back agin' er tree an' listen at 'is ease
Ter de chirpin' o' de cricket an' de sighin' o' de breeze
I tell yer! Dat wus luxury hit done me good ter view
Ter sit, a-doin' nuffin', 'case dey's nuffin els ter do.

So, jes yoh go a-laborin' on an' min' yoh duty right;
An' keep a-savin' up an' bein' watchful day an' night
An' mebbe yoh will git ter whah yoh toil an'
troubles close
An' dah won' be nuffin' 'tall expected f'um yer but
repose;
Ter whah wif folded han's an' all yoh tasks done
good an' true,
Yoh kin sit, a-doin' nuffin', 'case dey's nuffin' else
ter do.

Hit am er fack dat hit ain' no use ter worry. But hit am jes' ez much er fack dat hit ain' no use ter tell nobody dat hit ain' no use ter worry.

When er man smites yer, turn de udder cheek. Den ef he's mean 'nuff ter take advantage ob yer Christianity, he deserves de bes' whuppin' yoh knows how ter gib 'im.

Er blessin' in disguise am er good deal like de gemman wif an alias. It may be ez right ez kin be, but yoh nebber gits ober yoh s'picions.

Yoh kain't measure trouble by de size ob whut caused it. Yoh kin walk 'roun' er rock. But er pebble in de shoe do hurt.

MISTUH HAWKINS

(A Negro Soubriquet for the North Wind)

MISTAH HAWKINS am a hongry
  He come s'archin' low an' high,
An' swallowin' up mos' ebryt'ing
  Dat catches ob his eye.

He am losin' ob his temper;
  Take a wa'hnin' when he roars,
'Case he's li'ble foh ter bite yer
  Ef he meet yer out ob doors.

He et de sunshine as it came
  A-trickiin' f'um de Souf'
An' used de table-clof ob snow
  Fur wipin' off he mouf.

He et de leaves, he et de grass
  All up from eb'rywhere,
Dah's nuffin' lef' ter eat, an' dat
  Whut mek 'im fuss an' tear.

Pride am ter chillun whut bakin'-powdah am ter de cookin'. Yoh kain't raise 'em right wifout it, but too much am gwine ter spile 'em sho'.

Er glass diamon' shirt stud ain't got no magnifyin' powers. On de contrary, hit's effeck am ter mek de man behin' it look mighty small.

Hit am better ter hab er cabbage under de wais'-coat dan er chrysanf'mum in de buttonhole.

Pay 'tention ter yoh own short-comin's 'stid o' lecturin' yoh neighbor. Dar ain' no sense in climbin ober an' pullin' de weeds out'n anudder man's gyahden.

Hit doan' pay to be too pompous. Eb'ry time yoh reaches ober ter look down on yoh feller men, yoh runs de risk o' losin' yoh balance an' drappin'.

SATIETY

LEAF, he come a-whisperin',
  Droppin' f'um de tree;
Stopped ter tell a story
  'Bout hisse'f ter me.

Says, "We's see'd de vi'lets,
  Hyurd de robins sing;
We's tasted all de pleasures
  Dat de worl' kin gib in Spring.

"We's seen de June-time roses,
  An' we's felt de August rain,
We's holp de breezes frolic
  As dey swep' de ripenin' grain.

"We has changed our modes' colors
  Foh de kin' de Autumn brings;
We has dressed in gol' an' purple
  Like de goh'geousest ob kings.

"Dah am nuffin' mo' ter wish foh;
  We has tasted all de bes',
So we's drappin', onregretful,
  'Case we's ready foh ter res'.

I mus' say dat I ain' highly admiracious o' de white folks dat is so busy wif dah social obligations dat dey fohgits dah financial obligations.

Dah ain' so much hahm ahter all in er man's habin' er pooty good 'pinion ob hisse'f ef he hones'ly does his bes' ter lib up ter it.

Doan' jedge by 'pearances. Many er boy gits er ice-col' baf wif 'is skates on by doin' jes' dat.

Some folks seem ter go on de principle dat economy consists in goin' wifout de necessities er life so as ter hab de money ter squander on de luxuries.

Yoh kain' put no dependance on de show people mek. De bass-player in de orchestra hab de bigges' fiddle but he ain' de feller dat sets de step foh de res' o' de inst'ments.

De hypocrit b'lieves dat de mantle o' charity wus made ter order ter fit him.

De only sign er humility some folks shows am ter lif' dah voices in loud condemnation ob dah own faults in somebody else.

Some men nebber seems ter git r'al industrious ontil dey's doin' sumpin' dey's gwineter be sorry foh.

Braggin' am ve'y frequent an effort ter bolster up se'f respeck.

I nebbah coul' see de sense in white folks wifholdin' de crust er bread f'um de needy ter save up foh banquets fer people dat'll jes' go 'way an' talk erbout 'em an' ain' hongry nohow.

De mercury in de fermometer am jes' like folks. Hit am mighty onpleasant company when hit gits ter feelin' too big an' likewise when it gits ter actin' small.

Flattery hab great power. De man dat 'grees wif eb'rybody dat talks ter him gits de reputation o' bein monstrous wise.

AN EVENING'S EXPERIENCE

WHEN de sun puts on his golden gown
Wif de shiny purple seams,
An' lays him down in twilight town
Foh er res' in de house o' dreams,
I takes de fiddle an' I takes de bow
An' I sets whah de shadows creep,
An' I plays 'im fast an' I plays 'im slow
Till I plays me mos' ter sleep.

Miss Moon comes over de sky right soon
Wif er smile dat am fine ter see;
An' I stop de tune an' I say "Miss Moon,
Will yoh promenade wif me?"
It's fie, Miss Moon—it's fie, foh shame.
I didn' think yoh'd stoop
Foh ter lead me on till I's clean done gone
Run inter a chicken-coop!

Doan' be too skyaht ob gittin' lef'. De chicken dat sleeps er little way back in de coop may be de las' ter git 'is brekfas' but he ain' so easp grabbed off de roos'.

Hit am er gret thing ter be consistent but doan' overdo it. De clock in front er de jeweler's, dat hez p'inted ter twenty minutes past eight foh de las' sebben er eight yeahs am one er de mos consistent t'ings dat is.

Eb'ry cloud hab er silber linin'. De trouble am dat er heap er men ain' got 'nuff inergy ter hustle an' tuhn de cloud inside out.

De two mos' foolish folks on top er groun' am de man dat'll trust anybody an' de man dat'll trust nobody.

Hit am propah 'nuff ter shout 'bout honesty bein' de bes' policy, pervided yoh kin back up yoh remahks wif er few receipted bills.

De man dat hab de mos' advice ter gib erway doan' gin'r'ly look like 'twas much good ter him.

Fancy 'complishments ain' allus whut counts in de long run. Plain walkin' gits erlong er heap faster dan tuhnin' somersaults.

Even if de fault-finder git de bes' ob t'ings, his disposition am sech as ter prevent his r'ally inj'yin' em.

BLISSFUL IGNORANCE

De tuhkey am er foolish bird, 'case when I chop de wood,
I drap de ax agin de log an' dah she stuck an' stood.
Dat tuhkey come erlong: he did—I scarce could trus' de facks—
An' sot himself foh roostin' on de handle of dat ax.

I tol' him, "Mistah Tuhkey, yoh is actin' mighty fine;
Yoh done got pas' Thanksgibbin' but dah's Christmas day in line."

He jes' winked haughty-like an' showed 'is
tail in gohgeous stacks
An' sot hisself foh roostin' on de handle
ob de ax.

I shohly laughed, I did ter see dat tuhkey
actin' so;
But human folks is like him, as we all hab
cause ter know.
Dey prinks in high positions wif er pride
dat won't relax—
An' all de time a-roostin' on de handle ob
de ax.

COMPARISON

Doan' jedge nuffin' by its size,
'Case yoh nebber should;
Reed bird's smaller dan de hen
But twenty times ez good.

Things seem ter go by contraries. Hit am allus de mos' dashful man in de pahty dat am requested ter kyahve de tuhkey.

De boun'less wisdom er nature am shown by de fack dat er cullud gemman doan' hanker after ter'pin, while de white man tuhns up 'is nose at 'possum.

Er puffick lady doan' keep talkin' 'bout how good tuhkey's gwinter tas', ter her neighbors dat can't afford nuffin' but pohk.

Doan' do nuffin' by halves. Er snow storm ain' nigh so onpop'lar ef it hol's out long 'nuff tcr mek sleighin'.

HORTICULTURAL

I HAS libbed out in de wood ontil I knows
de trees 'round hyah;
An' dah's one o' dem, I tells yoh, meks
me puzzle eb'ry y'ah;
Dar ain' no use o' lookin' in yer botany
ter see
What kin' o' fruit yoh'll gather when yoh
picks de Christmas Tree.

Er man doan' hafter be no elocutionist in order ter mek "Merry Christmas" soun' good.

When er man runs inter debt ter buy Christmas presents he acks like 'is frien's wus de kin' er folks dat can't 'preciate nuffin' wifout knowin' whut hit cost.

Ter show de true spirit o' good will ter yer feller men, yoh orter begin de twenty-sixth ob eb'ry December ter mek preparations foh nex' Christmas.

People doesn' r'ally begin ter git ol' tell dey can't inj'y dahse'fs at Christmas time.

Er good why ter pay a New Y'ah's call am ter fin' some po'h fam'ly an' leave yoh visitin' cahd wif er tom er coal 'tached ter it.

DA'S ALL

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